

STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION.

BY WILLIAM M. TOLBERT & Co.]

"STATE RIGHTS AND STATE REMEDIES—THE SAFETY OF THE UNION."

[\$5 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.]

VOL. 1.

YAZOO CITY, WEDNESDAY, ~~October~~ 9, 1839.

NO. 12.

STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

TERMS.—The STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION will be furnished to subscribers at \$5 00 per annum in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of \$1 00 per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each week thereafter—ten lines, or less, constituting a square. The number of insertions required must be noted on the margin of the manuscript, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly. Advertisements from a distance, must be accompanied with the CASE, or good reference in own. Announcing candidates for office will be \$10 or State or county office—in advance.

YEARLY ADVERTISERS.

For four lines or less, renewable at pleasure \$60. No contract taken for less than one year—and payable half yearly in advance.

The privilege of annual advertisers is limited to their own immediate business, and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, sent in by them must be paid for by the square.

PROFESSIONAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

For 10 lines or less, not alterable. 3 months. \$12

10 do do do 6 months. 20

10 do do do 2 months. 30

As the above rates are the same as those established in Natchez, Vicksburg, Grand Gulf and elsewhere in this State, no deduction will be made from them in any case whatever.

ALL JOB WORK MUST BE PAID FOR CASH.

Letters on business must be sent paid, or they will not be taken from the Post Office.

To the Public.

The rights of editors and publishers of papers have been too long neglected. Justice will never be done unless themselves assert their rights and enforce the most rigid rules, which in the end will be found salutary to the public and beneficial to those engaged in the press. Publishers of papers have been so long imposed upon by the community at large, that they are considered to be some extent a degraded class of beings, when in fact there is no vocation in life so honorable, requiring so high consideration, productive of so much good, a class that exerts so powerful an influence. It is known to be proverbial for the debtors to publishers to consider their demand, as the most to be paid—debts to which there is attached no moral obligation, and which they can refuse to pay with justice and honor; hence, it is incumbent upon the contractors of the press to assert their own rights, and resolutely, severally and jointly to bring all editors of newspapers under some obligations that attach to other contracts, or always remain in poverty and want, with those and due them from the most so-called men in the country.

We call upon all editors and publishers of papers to improve the following rules, to endorse them by their signatures—place them at the head of their papers, and strictly adhere to them.

1st. No subscription received without payment in advance.

2d. No subscription received for less than six months.

3d. Advance payment will be required from all transient advertisers.

4th. To announce no man for any office, either State or County, without the advance payment of ten dollars.

5th. Political circulars charged as advertisements and payment required in advance.

6th. All advertisements of a personal character will be charged double and payment required in advance.

7th. Election tickets will not be printed without order, nor delivered to any person without payment.

The above rules, we, the undersigned, pledge ourselves to abide by.

JAMES A. STEVENS,

Editor and Proprietor of the Yazoo City Whig.

S. B. H. A. C. K.

Editor of the Natchez Courier.

BESANCON & ALDRED,

Publishers of the Mississippi Free Trader.

JAMES HAGAN,

Editor and Proprietor of the Vicksburg Sentinel.

WM. M. SWYTH,

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Editors and Proprietors of the Yazoo Banner.

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Editor of the Rodney Telegraph.

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Editor of Grand Gulf Whig.

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Editor of the Fayette Advertiser.

NEED & NEWTON,

Publishers of the Southern Reporter.

B. K. E. & CURTIS,

Editors and Proprietors of the Southern Argus.

M. MOWER,

Publisher of the Southern Sentinel.

A. R. A. S. C. L. R.

Publisher of the Port Gibson Correspondent.

GEO. R. KIGER,

Editor of Gallatin Star.

WILLIAM M. TOLBERT,

Publisher of the State Rights and Democratic Union.

June 1839.

From the Cadiz Sentinel.

DEMOCRATIC MORRIS.

OR, THE PROSPECTS OF MARTIN VAN BUREN FOR 1840.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The granite boys, firm heart of steel,

Will march in by d'ars; they'll make the vanishing whigs to feel

On that eventful day.

MAINE.

Next see the choppers march in rank,

Their waving banners fly;

Com' crush the cursed mammoth bank

Their standard banners cry.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The old bay state will muster then,

Her democratic bands;

She'll rout the tiger from his den,

And Webster and his clans.

CONNECTICUT.

The steady habit men will rise,

And rank among the rest;

That liberty, which freedom prize

Is surely worth the cost.

VERMONT.

Green mountains are passing on,

In solid phalanx they come;

Like to old Stark at Bennington,

They march with life and drum.

Thro' Everett's nigger host they'll break,

And throw them in ditches;

Their course to victory they'll take,

And shout a loud hurra.

RHODE ISLAND.

The fisher boys will trust their chain,

If possible they can;

I know that every nerve they'll strain,

To rout the whiggish clan.

N. Y. O. R.

Hurrah! the empire state is here,
Down, down, the whigs are hurled;
Come, whiggies, stand back in the rear,
Gaze at the wondrous world.

NEW JERSEY.

Next comes the democratic blues,
See how their banners shine;
They've beaten down Nick Biddle's crew
And Southard's left behind.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Sound lead the trump, the Keystone boys
Are here—they lead the van;
Their bullet-belt make no noise,
Yet rout the Riner clan.

DELAWARE.

The oysters won't stay behind,
They'll join the men of Penn;
They'll send the Bards to the wind,
And set once more like men.

MARYLAND.

Here next the voters in army,
Victorious shouting cry—
Rejoice in having gained the day,
Long, long live liberty.

VIRGINIA.

Domestic banners proudly wave,
Low lie R. V. and Clay—
Whiggies have found its grave,
For victory crown the day.

OHIO.

Queen of the west, brave Buckeye's home
In front he banners stream—
With ours of liberty she comes,
And victory o'er her gleam.

MICHIGAN.

The Wolverines close side by side
To glory onward press—
Who can republicans divide,
Or make them number less?

NORTH CAROLINA.

"Gold diggers" now their standard rear,
Ret about the land of tar—
They have their lines, in crowds repair,
And ha-ten to the war.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Rice eaters, rouse on every hand,
And raise the merry tune;
She never will disgrace the land
Of Marion and Moulton.

GEORGIA.

Triumphant about the cottoniers
Have burst their cobweb chain—
We'll give Georgia a thousand cheers,
She's now her self again.

LABAMA.

Will swamps fall behind the rest?
No, no, it cannot be—
Democracy is till her taste,
Her sons are all born free.

LOUISIANA.

The Picaroons have joined the train,
And dancing merry jig—
As Packeham upon their mains,
They will defeat the whigs.

KENTUCKY.

The Smokers too are muniting,
They're always good in fight—
Like scorpions, the whigs at night sting,
And put their ranks to flight.

INDIANA.

The hoosiers they're a noble race,
Will muster all their host—
For Van will now take Tipp's place,
He'll be their pride and boast.

ILLINOIS.

The Suckers next their front will show,
Their rights they will maintain—
They'll lay the bowing whigs down low
Like grass upon the plain.

MISSOURI.

The Button boys will go ahead
And slaughter all their foe—
Remember, they have lots of lead,
To deal out heavy blows.

ARKANSAS.

Sing Yankee Doodle might and main,
The Croakers win the day;
Tho' they live near unto New Spain,
They will not vote for pay.

MISSISSIPPI.

The Sugarons come to the fight,
With armor buckled on,
They'll put the whiggish ranks to flight
And slay them every one.

TENNESSEE.

See the triumphal arch raised,
The land of Jackson's Free,
White and his crew are sad amazed,
Ame so let it be.

MR. JONES—MRS. JONES AND FAMILY.

Or Sickness on West.—Bill Jones, Bill

Jones' better half, and some half dozen little

Joneses, arrived yesterday from Illinois.

They took a deck passage down the river,

and what with attending Mrs. Jones and

watching the busy little pledges of his and

her affection—keeping them from the boilers,

the engine, the wheelhouse and the

guards, Bill looked pretty well used up.

When the gangway was laid from the steam-

boat to the wharf, Mr. Jones undertook to

pilot the 'rest of himself' in safety on shore.

"Don't throw me in the river you wretch,"

says Mrs. J. as her attentive lord and master

tremulously led her out.

"Don't be afraid, my dear," said the kind

and god-natured Jones—"there's no danger."

"Oh! you—," says his partner; and she

gave Jones a look that meant something.

A feeble cry was now heard from the

boat.

"That's my Tommy," said Mrs. Jones in a

parent despair. "Will you run and save him

or will you allow my child to drown, you

stupid, good-for-nothing man, you!"

The poor hen-pecked Jones was on board

the boat in a minute, and Tommy was in his

ma's arms the next.

"Turn to his mud. Was mud's pet fraidy

ob steamboat, and would not dilly dally save

mud's boy?"

All these interrogatories Tommy answered

by pitching his crying voice at a higher key

than he commenced with. Mrs. Jones, mean-

time, kept rocking back and forward on the

old box on which she was sitting, and her

good for nothing man, as she usually called

him, was clearing out his 'plunder' from the

boat. Tommy now became more quiet,

which permitted Mrs. Jones to cast a super-

intending eye over her liege lord. "See,"

she said, "you unhandy thing—see how you

place that bed in the wet, look at how you

have broken the back of that chair with your

clumsiness! don't let that trunk fall on the

child's feet—you're so stupid you don't know

what you're about—don't you know that

basket you threw down there has got all my

chany, besides a clock and a looking-glass in

it, eh?"

Poor Jones appeared to go ahead in clear-

ing the boat, making no other reply to the

ill-natured admissions of Mrs. Jones, than

such as, "I won't hurt the child, love—I wasn't

I that broke the chair: I packed that glass so

well there is no fear of it, Mrs. J." And then

he unlocked a box and gave a piece of bread

to Tommy, and a piece to little Billy, and a

piece to young Sally Ann, and a piece to

each of the whole family. He offered Mrs.

Jones a piece but she did not want his musty

trash. He then bought a watermelon and

began to portion it out into lots, when Mrs.

J. gave a peevish shout that could be heard

at the cathedral.

"What's the matter, Mrs. J.," said the good-

natured husband.

"Matter enough, you ignorant fool, you,"

said she in a hysterical voice; "do you—do

you want Jones, to kill my dear children?"

and before he had time to extenuate, an old

acquaintance came up.

"Why Jones!" said the acquaintance, "how

are you? and, as I live, Mrs. Jones! Why,

Mrs. Jones, how do you do? really you look

very ill. I hope there ain't nothing the matter

with you?"

"Oh, Mr. Williams," said Mrs. J. in a faint

voice—"Mr. Williams, I've not had a day's

good health since I left, and I was so annoyed

with that stupid man of mine. I have had

the chills and the fevers—the intermitting

fever, the lake fever, the fever and ague, and

every other ague."

"Well," said Jones, with the best natured

kind of a smile, "you have had a great many

fevers and agues, that's a fact, but I'm blowed

if ever you were afflicted yet with the dumb

ague since I knew you, excepting it might be

when you were asleep."

We thought this a pretty hard hit in return

for the unmerited abuse the passive Jones

had suffered, and we thought that if he pos-

sessed courage he knew how to repel the en-

emy.—"We quit the Jones' perfectly satisfied

in our own mind, that Bill Jones was a mar-

ried man, and of course—a happy man.—N.

O. Pic.

THE MORAL OF HANGING.

We do not know from what work the fol-

lowing terrible passage is extracted. We

find it in the Albany Daily Advertiser. It

bears harder against punishment by death

than a whole acre of homely.

THE HANGMAN AND THE JUDGE.—"Did

your lordship ever attend a killing time at

the Old Bailey? If not, pray favor me with

your company: not on the gallows, but stay-

ing in the street, amid a crowd that always